

ADVENTURES

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CHAPTER ONE



Mister Mack was walking to the train station. It was a nice, sunny morning. The birds in the trees were singing their favourite songs. And the breeze that blew was full of breakfast smells – bacon, eggs, frog's legs and cabbage.

"Yum," said Mister Mack to himself.

Mister Mack was feeling happy. Mister Mack was feeling very happy. He had a nice lunch in his lunch box – and a surprise in

his flask – and his children's goodbye kisses were still tickling his cheeks. He was going to work, and he liked his job.

Actually, Mister Mack loved his job. He was a biscuit tester in a biscuit factory. It was his job to make sure that the biscuits had the right amount of chocolate, if they were supposed to have chocolate. And he measured them to make sure that they were exactly square, if they were supposed to be square, or exactly round, if they were supposed to be round. Best of all, he tasted them. Not all of them. He tasted three in the morning and four in the afternoon, to make sure that they tasted exactly right.

He was looking forward to work because, today, he was going to be testing his favourite biscuits of all time, fig-rolls. The factory made 365 types of biscuits, a different biscuit for every day of the year. Mister Mack liked most of these biscuits, and he loved some of them. But fig-rolls always came top of his list. He loved their shape. He loved their smell. He loved their intelligence. They were such clever biscuits. They were delicious without needing any help from chocolate. And today was a fig-roll-testing day. So Mister Mack was one happy man.

But on his way to the station, just after he'd turned the corner, he saw a seagull sitting on the branch of a tree.

"Do you know what, Mister?" said the seagull. "I hate fish."



"I didn't know seagulls could perch in trees," said Mister Mack.

He kept walking, but he looked back to have another look at the seagull.

And this was a pity, because he didn't see the dog poo right in front of him, on the footpath.

Poor Mister Mack.

His shoe was heading straight for that

